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1911



Our Fifteenth
Wedding Anniversary

Rose—Sternberg—Abe

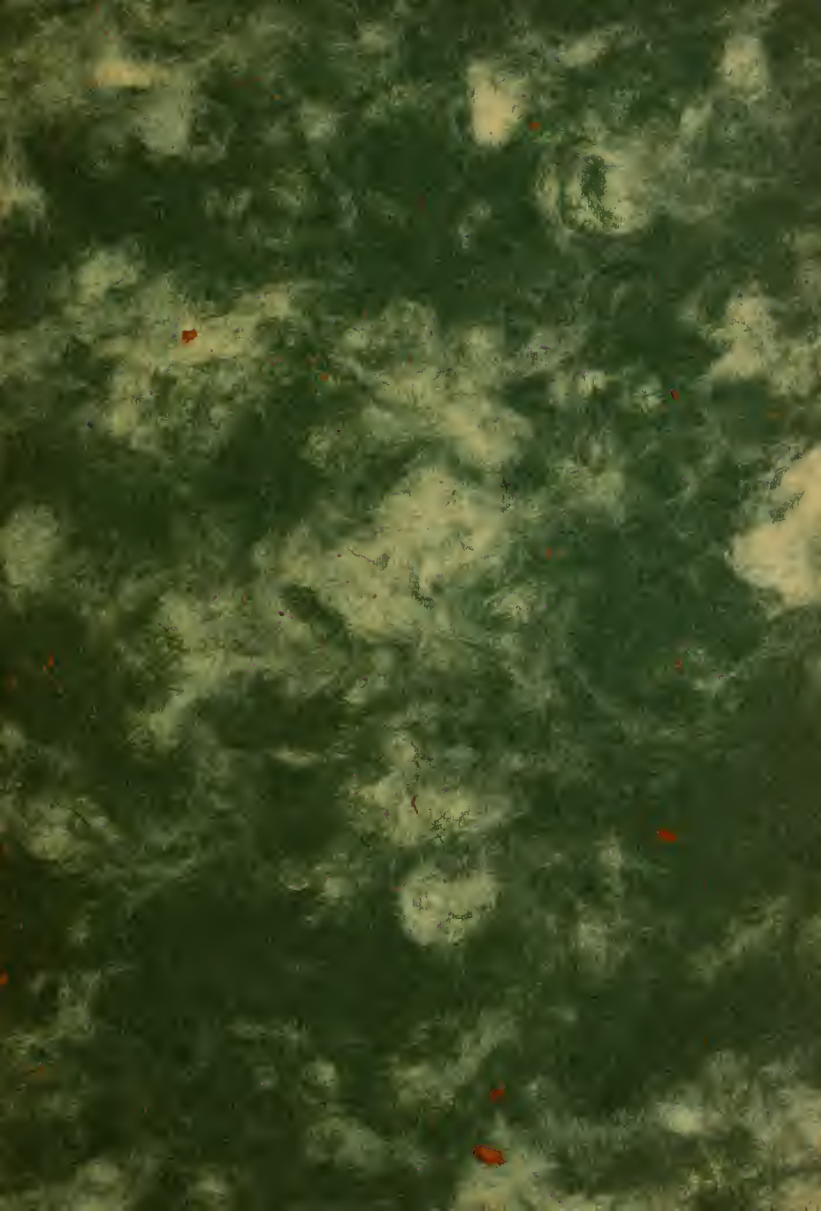


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1896

1911

February 19th

Our Fifteenth
Wedding Anniversary

Rose and Abraham Sternberg

Abraham Sternberg

TS 3537
.T455 O7
1911

*To my Dear Wife, who has been
the inspiration for the modest ex-
pressions of gratitude and affection
that appear on the following pages,
this book is lovingly dedicated.*

Abraham Steinberg



The Lord Baltimore Press
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

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My Huckleberry Doo?





My Huckleberry Doo?

A Tale of Love and Travel

Greetings!

Well! well! see the folks around,
Dressed up in their smartest gowns,
Come to shake and wish us joy—
No—there is no baby boy

You have me, and I have you,
You're my huckleberry doo!

Spooney again

Who says mushy? may be, yes;
For a little fond caress
From my sweetheart, lifts the load—
Makes a brighter, sweeter road.

Our Wedding Day

Fifteen years ago to-day
T'was, that I was shown the way
To that sweetly happy life,
That you've made mine—dearest wife.

Lovers always

Summer's sun and winter's snow,
Passed us by, and still as beaux,
With the help of God above,
Thrilled dear, with his song of love,

*We always
go together!*

Arm in arm and hearts as one,
May these celebrations come.

*E'en when
footsteps falter*

Then—when many years have flown,
And we've both much older grown,

MY HUCKLEBERRY DOO!

- And eyes
are dim* Just another fond caress,
Arm a stealin' 'round your dress,
We will for the million'th time
Whisper coyly this sweet rhyme :
- The sweetest story
ever told!* You have me, and I have you,
You're my huckleberry doo!
- Welcome—
merry crew!* Folks, t'was good of you to come,
Now we're in for lots of fun,
Young and old—it's all the same
Age means nothing but the name.
- Our Parents,
God bless 'em!* Let us have a mother's dance,
Papa too—we'll give a chance,
For, thank God, they're just as spry
Full of vim and keen of eye,
- We're but as
young as we feel
thirsty eh!* As the youngest in the bunch,
No indeed—there's no more lunch,
But should you be getting dry—
Let the Sauterne's stoppers fly.
- " We won't
come home
until morning "* May the walls ring out with song—
And the evening we'll prolong
Way past bed time folks, for you—
And for this young couple too.
- Let loose
the confetti!* For indeed we're newly wed
And the years that may have fled
Seem like but a precious dream ;
Golden moments—by the ream.

MY HUCKLEBERRY DOO!

Humble appreciation!
Oft, we've whispered far above
Thanks, for His abiding love
For the kindness He has wrought,
Wealth indeed, could ne'er have bought

E'en the smallest, dearest part
Of our happiness, sweetheart.
What if skies were gray or blue,
What if friends were false or true

*Our glorious
duet!*
To the winds all care we'd fling—
And this glad refrain we'd sing:
You have me, and I have you,
You're my huckleberry doo!

*What's your hurry?
Burning the
midnight oil*
Some one say it's time to quit?
Patience—just a little bit—
Think of all the moments spent
In deep study, to invent

Foxy-Quiller
Sentences that might amuse
Yet dear folks—t'was but a ruse
That I might the world acquaint
And in this pen picture paint

*Honor to whom
honor is due*
Just a titheing of what's due,
My dear little wife to you
For the happy life we've led
Since the dear old rabbi said:

The knot—beautiful
You have me, and I have you,
You're my huckleberry doo!

MY HUCKLEBERRY DOO!

Tickets please! Over countless miles we've strayed,
Auld Lang Syne we've heard it played
Far away in other climes,
'Midst the clinking of the steins.

Thousand Islands We have coursed the nooks and wiles
Of the wondrous Thousand Isles,
The St. Lawrence—palest blue—
What a debt we owe to you

The St. Lawrence For the ever changing scene
Rubber! For its banks with verdure green,
How I stood and craned my neck
As we neared grand old Quebec;

Quebec With its ramparts frowning high,
Close against the darkened sky.
Past Quebec we sailed and soon
As the sun pierced through the gloom—

Cape Eternity Shining full from shore to shore
What a picture t'was we saw!
Cragged rocks, that rose on high,
Till they seemed to reach the sky!

Darkened waters, black as ink—
None could help but pause, and think
Of the mystic work of God,
Surely some enchanted rod

The Saguenay Must have cleaved this chasm deep,
Through the mountains rising steep
Each side, in majestic way
Of the river Saguenay.

MY HUCKLEBERRY DOO!

<i>All aboard!</i>	O'er the ocean wide we've sped— More than once my dearest said, "You may think this very fine, But my, my, New York for mine!"
<i>Feeding the fishes</i>	But once o'er, all was forgot Rose was "Johnny on the spot." First in dressy London town Sought we—an imported gown—
<i>For she's a jolly good fellow</i>	But we looked and looked in vain Nought we found, but rain! rain! rain! On—past meadows,—fields,—we flew, Till Chic Brussels loomed in view
<i>London</i>	Paris in a smaller home Frenchy—clear through to the bone. Thence to Köln—we did jump, In the Kaiser's realm to bunt
<i>Nothing good enough</i>	On the Rhine we sailed along Life was just one grand sweet song, Till we landed on the Pfass At Heidelberg,—wie gross war dass!
<i>Brussels</i>	Where we both felt mighty queer— Too much German lager beer! Near the Alps our engine flies Into nature's paradise!
<i>Parlez vous Francais!</i>	Switzerland the garden fair, Who that once has lingered there 'Mongst the peaks of snow and ice Thinks one visit will suffice.
<i>Hoch der Kaiser!</i>	
<i>Die Wacht am Rhein</i>	
<i>Heidelberg</i>	
<i>Tipsy again!</i>	
<i>Careful— you'll fall!</i>	
<i>The "Sweitz"</i>	
<i>Geel it's cold</i>	

MY HUCKLEBERRY DOO!

*Paris—
when Reuben
comes to town* Winsome—Buxom—Gay Par-ee
Next we yokels went to see,
On the boulevards so fine,
In cafes—from after nine,

Night owls! Till the break of early dawn,
Did we watch the surging throng—
All as we on pleasure bent,
Busted! Till they scarce had left a cent.

Retrospection Little time to ruminatē
Yet this much ran through my "pate."
*A kiss' a kiss
for a' that* Whether English—German—Swiss—
It was just the same sweet kiss,

*Under the
harvest moon* Whether French or Volapuk,
Just the same dear quiet nook,
And the grass was just as green—
And the same moon it did beam

*How we looked—
see Frontispiece!* On the bench that held we two,
'Neath the heavens starry blue
As at home, miles, miles beyond,
Home sweet home! Far across the salty pond!

Our busy day And we huddled just as tight,
And we noted not time's flight,
As the moments we'd beguile
Patriots ever! Echoing in Yankee style.

You have me, and I have you,
You're my huckleberry doo.

MY HUCKLEBERRY DOO!

Our limitations We who dwell on earthly sphere
May not through the future peer,
It is but for us to pray
That it be the good Lord's way,
Our fervent wish As the years go sweeping by—
He will grant, that you and I
Live in health to celebrate
Many days, dear, from this date,
Our golden wedding Fifty years of golden bliss—
Come, dear, seal this with a kiss.
So-until this journey's o'er
And I've reached another shore.
Two-lip-salve May your kiss be ever near,
You—who more than life are dear—
And when I've been called away,
Please God, dear, that you will stay,
A little guardian Stay to honor, cherish, bless—
angel of the With your gentle touch caress
troubled Those, who 'midst the toil and strife,
Of this passing dream called life
Sweethearts May need, comfort, solace, cheer,
Then—anon, past many a year,
Some day, dear, again I'll twine
Your pure, loving soul with mine,
Through Eternity! Then again—as one—we'll roam
In God's great immortal home—
Where in clarion accents sweet
We for all time-will repeat
You have me, and I have you,
You're my huckleberry doo!

A Reverie



1896

1909

Rose and Abe Sternberg

Our Thirteenth Wedding Anniversary

A Reverie

To My Dear Rose:

Evening of the 18th, morning of the
19th of February, 1909

We were seated by the fire—Rose and I, 'twas just we two,
And the wind outside it whistled, goodness gracious, how it
blew!

For a while, we sat in silence, till at last 'twas Dear Rose
spoke,

She'd been thinking too, as I had, while the fragrant scented
smoke

Slowly rose in shapes fantastic, thinly vanished into
space;

Of the days that had rolled past us, since at God's ap-
pointed place

Our two hearts were bound together; almost twelve years
flown since then—

Can it be? We'd scarce believe it, yet 'tis written of the
pen.

A REVERIE

Deep inscribed within our hearts, Dear, ne'er in life to be
effaced,
Is that sweetly blessed moment, whence our happiness is
traced,
When our souls were joined forever—aye—till our allotted time;
Little did I know, my Sweetheart, what a Priceless Rose was
mine!

As the summer evening star shines wondrous bright—
near deepest blue,
So forever does your love, Dear, shed its lustre o'er we two,
And its rays my path illumine, turn life's night, Dear,
into day,
Every spur my best endeavors, that I may be shown the
way,

To at least be part deserving of God's kindness unto me,
Throughout all these years, My Dearest, what a life of
constancy—
Of devotion, self negation, little thought for gain or pleasure,
Worldly riches was as nought; Peace, Contentment is our
treasure.

Let us pause, and look around us, see the changes Time
has wrought,
Since the days in Cupid's meshes, we, so willingly, were
caught.
Sisters who were only children, on the threshold of their
lives
In the twelve months that just passed us, have been
mated—Happy Brides!

A REVERIE

With proud husbands—fond and loving—fair as azure in the
sky,
May their lives be—e'en as God has vouchsafed to Dear, You
and I.
Kind and gentle have the years been to our Parents, watchful
still—
As in days when we as children, to their arms with voices
shrill,

Flew for haven, rest, for shelter, when our childish minds
beset
With imaginary troubles—so we find there, solace yet;
By our faithfulness, devotion, thoughtful kindness night
and day,
Shall we strive the debt we owe them, in some measure
to repay;

May we clearly see our duty, execute it half so well
As did they, no finer tribute—to our worth—could mankind tell.
And the babes that were—the infants—scarce begun to coo
and play,
Staunch young fellows, charming maidens—launched are now
—on life's glad way,

May we all, Youth, Age, together, hand in hand, 'round
circle merry
Laugh away, Time's tinge of sadness and e'en like unto
the fairy,
Who with magic wand uplifted, brushes trace of years
aside,
Let our spirit—ever youthful—be alike our strength—
and pride.

A REVERIE

The dying coals, fitfully, were glowing in the grate;
A sudden blast—the windows shook, the air grew chill—'twas
late;
'Midst pleasant memories of the past, the evening—wings
had taken,
'Tis time, My Dear, that we should rest, to-morrow when we
waken

Another lap will have been passed, another twelve-month
fled;
A dozen years and one sped by since You and I were wed.
There's naught but ashes on the hearth—not e'en a glim-
mer of light,
Then come, My Dear, to pleasant dreams,—One Little Kiss
—Good Night!

* * * * *

The sunlit beams of early dawn were dancing on the floor,
They beckoned us—'tis time to rise, the night is passed—no
more
Of retrospect, of reverie, though happy it may be,
But to the Future, full of life, of hope, of love with Thee,

Now shall we turn; let glasses clink, and merry voices
sing,
That each recurrence of this day, its message, too, will
bring—
Of Endless Happiness! Content! e'en as the billows roar
And break, and fall upon the sands, now—and forevermore!

A Versicle



Written on the occasion of our
Tenth Wedding Anniversary

A Versicle

A dull grey mist arose from out the night,
The silvery clouds, parting in their flight
A tiny rift shown forth, from tinted sky
Lifting with radiant gleam—the darkness nigh!

The murky haze fell softly as the dew,
Unveiling, in their wondrous blue
The heavens, whence a brilliant stream of gold
Dispelled the gloom of night, the birth of day foretold!

T'was thus, ten happy years ago—one February morn
The sun peered forth, with gentle warmth—illumining the
dawn,
And ushering, that day—that hour—most blessed in my life.
That moment, when my sweetheart, was proclaimed—my dear-
est wife.

That moment, when two youthful hearts, already linked in
love,
Were joined with God's majestic words, His blessings from
above,
When our young souls, in sentences infinitely divine
Were pledged as one, as ever one, throughout the lapse of time.

A VERSICLE

Oh, that I had the power of mind to properly portray
And picture, with my humble pen and in my humble way,
The happiness, the love sublime—unspeakable! in prose or
rhyme
That you've imparted unto me, for surely t'is his mystery,

How in that little heart of thine, the Lord so perfectly en-
twined
So much that's good, ennobling, true,—t'is but the privilege
of a few
Of we poor mortals dwelling here, to live with paradise so near!

* * * * *

See the merry, happy throng—hear the laughter, voices, song!
Welcome friends, dear ones, thrice welcome to you all!
Who've gathered around us here to-night, at memory's fond
recall.
Who've watched with us the fleeting years, as quick they
glided by,
Until the advent of the dawn this happy day brought nigh.

Who've noted too with gladdening hearts, how in the years
sped past,
The Lord in cheerful, pleasant moulds, our lives so kindly cast,
Who've come to grasp our hands again, in loving, warm em-
brace,
And wish us, that the next decade, of nought but joy leave
trace.

A VERSICLE

While in the spirit of the time, you share with us our cheer
and wine,

Perchance you'll call upon the host to make response to just
one toast,

Then will I turn dear ones to thee—the toast shall be, our
family,

Though fortune smile or turn away, their hearts will ever with
us stay.

To parents dear, who've guided us from childhood to this hour,
Who've reared us fondly, lovingly, and given in their power
All that they could, to bend our lives in paths of truth and
right,

To shield us from all earthly harm, to put all sorrow to flight.

As each twelve-months shall have passed by, until ten more
have fled,

Please God, t'will then be twenty years, that you and I are
wed,

May we again surrounded be, by all who are here to-night;
E'en though eyes may have dimmer grown, gray locks have
turned to white.

* * * * *

The clock on yonder mantel, onward speeds its endless way,
With ceaseless toil it labors, nor stops at close of day;
From early morn to darkening night, its chimes in merry tone
Peal forth a greeting to the hours, as o'er its dial they roam.

A VERSICLE

May you and I thus ever greet the years that swiftly roll
With happy, smiling countenance, with peace of mind and
soul,

Look! where the faithful time-piece points ; the night's fast
on the wane,

Then let us, as in days of yore, renew that pledge again.

Come hither, dear, draw closer, rest gently in my arms
As you have done these many years, far from the world's
alarms,

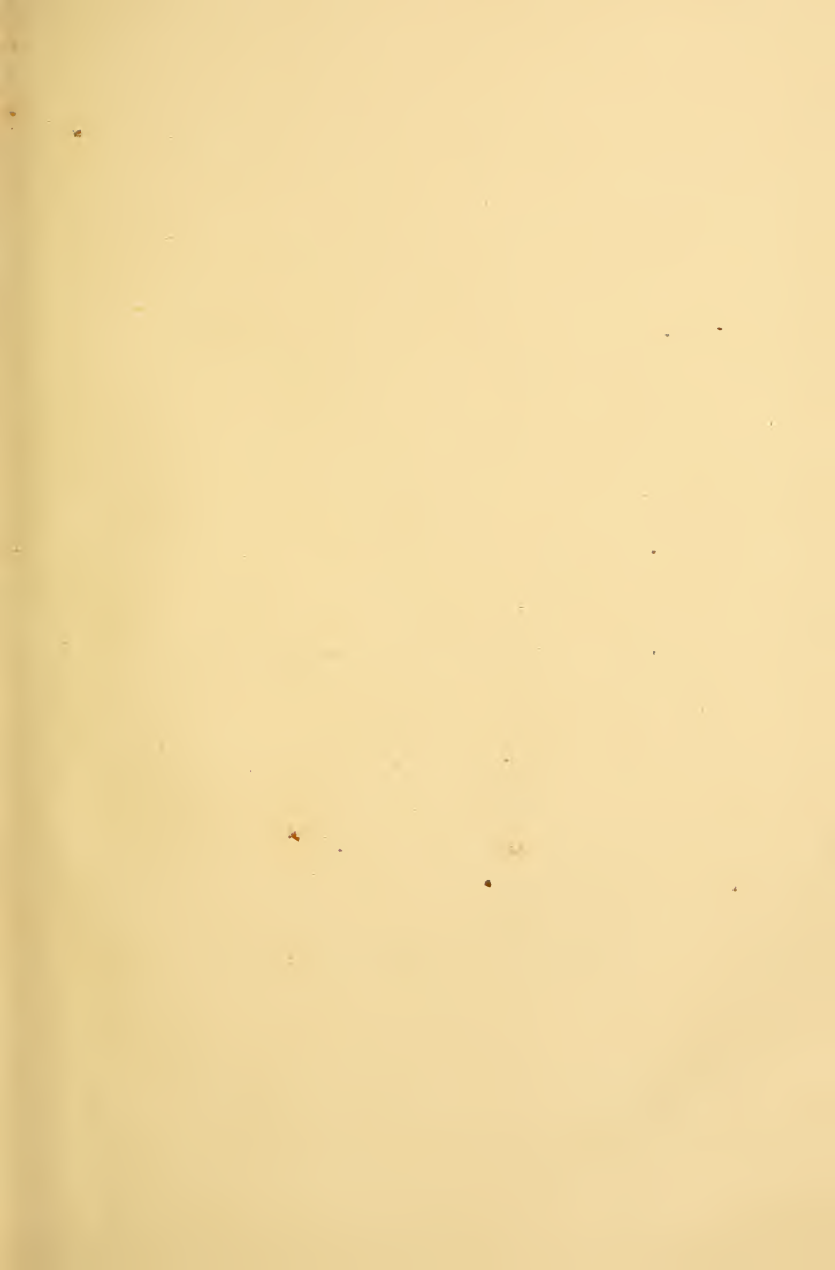
Clasp firm your little hands in mine, Heart and Spirit near
thee ;

May God forever find us thus—unto Eternity!





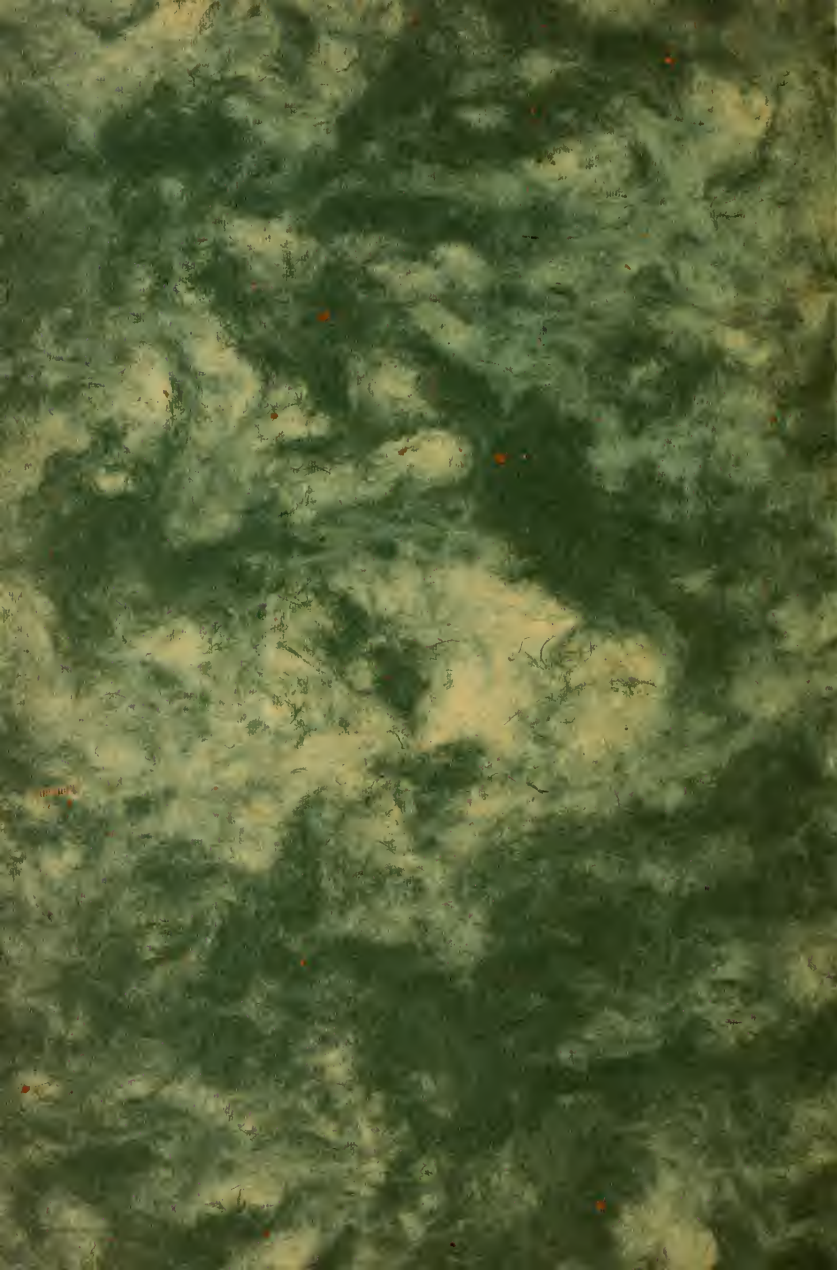


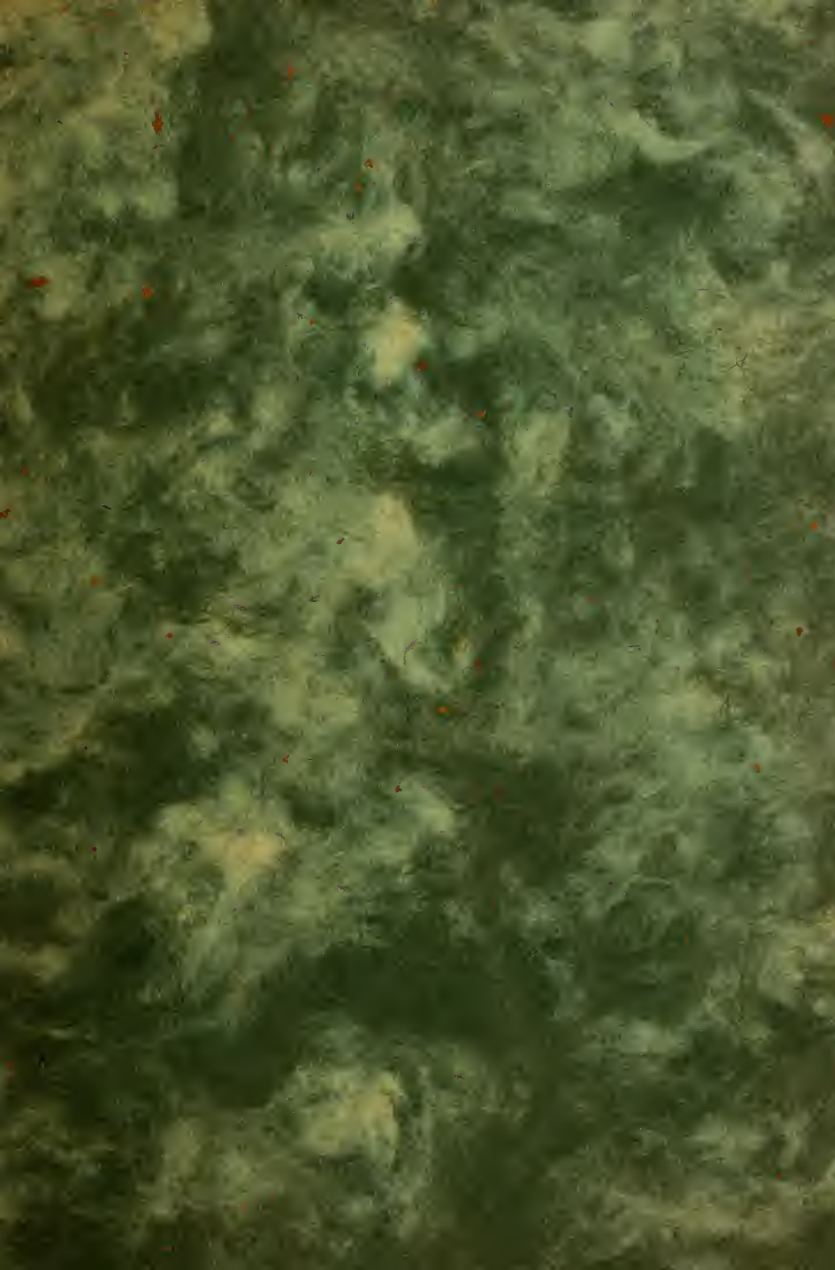


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